

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1912

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Indian Cradle Song.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft,
Sleep as a pappoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little pappoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold
And the owl hoots in the tree;
And the big moon climbs on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully.
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That night winds bring to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight;
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful
sound
All through the solemn night.
But the little pappoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

Selected.

For The Beacon.

Kewanako: A Girl of the Ottawas.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

A girl sat in the corner of the old Mission House at Mackinac, sewing by the light of a candle, while about the roaring log-fire a dozen men of her tribe talked with two trappers who had arrived at the Island that morning.

"Listen!" said old Megeezes, the Eagle, looking cautiously around to see that none of the white men were near. "Do you hear the storm howling outside? Whenever the storm-god is angry, while the crows are flying as they are, he will demand a life!"

The Indians listened in awed silence; for, in spite of their Christianity, they were sometimes wont to hark back to the legends and beliefs of their fathers. Outside the Mission House the March storm was howling, indeed, and all day long the crows had been flying about; but, as Kewanako sat in the corner, she laughed suddenly, breaking the silence.

"Shame, Megeezes!" she cried boldly, "The ice will be out of the bay to-morrow, if the wind changes; that is what the crows mean!"

"Silence, girl!" The men turned on her angrily. "How dare you address a chief in that way?"

Kenarbo, the father of Kewanako, shook his head sadly. "I fear that our fathers



THE APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT—CYRUS E. DALLIN.

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knew best, my brothers. If the ice goes out to-night, it will indeed take a life; for my son Wawatan is coming north with the white men's mail, and he is crossing the ice."

Kewanako sat up, listening with beating heart. Her brother Wawatan was the mail-carrier, for in the early days of Michigan the trading posts and outlying towns had their mail brought by forest runners, usually Indians. And Wawatan was somewhere out there on the ice, in that terrible storm!

It was the end of March, and, as the wind might shift to the north at any minute, the ice would soon go out of the bay and drift down the straits to Lake Huron. The break-up comes suddenly when it does come, and Kewanako knew that the flying crows portended the open lake.

The men talked till late, but said nothing more of their old superstition, for several of the white men came in and joined them. Twice Kewanako went to the door, but each time a great gust of snow drove her back, and the wind shrieked around the corners of

the house, sweeping in from the open lake outside. At midnight she went to her room, leaving the men still talking by the fire; but the girl was unable to sleep. Suppose anything happened to Wawatan!

With the first gleam of dawn the girl arose and went down to the big kitchen. The storm was still swooping down from the west, but to the trained senses of the Indian girl it seemed as though it was shifting to the north. Suddenly she heard a whine and a scratch at the door, and with beating heart she flew to open it.

A rush of dogs came in—dogs covered with ice, half frozen, and struggling to reach the warmth of the house. Kewanako recoiled with surprise; they were Wawatan's dogs! Their traces had been broken, their feet were cut and bleeding, but suddenly Kewanako remembered the big dog that loved Wawatan strongly,—Karbo. He was not there!

As she loosened the broken harness, now thawed out, with trembling fingers, Ke-

wanako was thinking hard. Wawatan must have fallen or been hurt, out there on the ice: he would never desert the mail-bags, she knew, and Karbo would never desert him. Then there was still hope!

At this instant one of the braves entered the kitchen. Leaping to his side, Kewanako poured out her story, but the brave shook his head as he looked out the window.

"No use, girl," he said quietly. "The storm is too great and is shifting: the ice will go out this morning. Wawatan will not return."

Kewanako left him with an indignant cry. Running to her room, she seized her skin hood, her heavy woolen "mackinaw," and swiftly donned a pair of great felt boots. Then, running through the kitchen without a word for the surprised brave, she left the Mission House.

Reaching the stables, she shook the snow from a dog-sledge, took down the harness, and called half a dozen dogs. In five minutes they were harnessed, and, springing on the sledge, Kewanako drove them past the Mission House to the shore and out on the ice.

The snow was driving down now in blinding masses, mingled with a sleety hail, and the dogs rebelled furiously against going out on the ice. But with whip and voice Kewanako urged them on, heading straight out over the lake.

For an hour they travelled swiftly, and, although she could not see ten feet ahead, Kewanako guided her course by the wind. Suddenly, with a whine of protest, the dogs doubled back, and the girl saw a high ridge of ice ahead of her. It was the early winter ice, crushed and thrown back in great masses, that had formed a wall twenty feet high later in the winter. She knew that this was five miles out.

As Kewanako paused, wondering which way she would find an opening, the dogs broke out into a chorus of yelps, and from the other side of the barrier she heard a faint bark. Thrice the girl shouted, but received no answer save another bark: then Kewanako resolutely left the sledge and began to climb the barrier of ice. She knew that, as soon as she left them, the dogs would return to the Mission House; but there was no way of preventing them, and, when she was part-way up, she paused and glanced back. The sledge was gone.

A fresh burst of snow and sleet came down as Kewanako reached the crest of the ice-wall, and left her faint and numb. At the same instant a report, like that of a rifle, sounded beneath her: the ice was going out!

With a cry of dismay, Kewanako scrambled down the far side of the barrier, over the great cakes of ice, which tore her hands, even through the mittens. She could see nothing, but heard another faint bark ahead, and shouted as she stumbled through the snow. A minute later a great shape came bounding at her, and with a cry of joy she sank to the snow, her arms around the shaggy neck of Karbo, the giant dog.

It was bitterly cold, and Kewanako thought she would rest a minute, for she was weakened by her exertions. Suddenly she felt a warm tongue licking her face, and with a start realized that she had all but fallen asleep! She staggered to her feet, dismayed, for she knew the danger of that, and Karbo pulled at her skirt with his strong teeth.

Following him, she came to Wawatan in five minutes, while from the hidden miles

of ice around her came report after report, as the thick ice cracked beneath the pressure of the wind. Wawatan she found lying on the mail-bag, beside the overturned sledge, and he was quite senseless. Kewanako sank beside him, then saw with a cry of grief that his leg was broken, for it stuck out at an unnatural angle.

Now the girl was perplexed. To gain safety they would have to recross the barrier, and her brother was helpless! Beneath them the ice was quivering, but the girl knew there was no immediate danger until it was flooded. So, setting her teeth, she took Wawatan by the shoulders and dragged him to the barrier.

Then began a terrible struggle for the exhausted girl. Inch by inch she lifted the limp figure upwards, over the sharp ice-blocks that took their toll of garment and flesh. Twice she sank beside him, discouraged; but each time the faithful Karbo aroused her, pulling at her hood, and he, too, helped to pull his master forward.

At the last they reached the top, and Kewanako, staggering, laid her brother on the smooth surface below after a last struggle. But how were they to reach the Mission House? With weary steps she climbed the barrier again, took the mail-bag up and threw it to the crest; then, taking up the sledge, dragged it after her. In ten minutes the sledge and mail-bag lay beside Wawatan, but Kewanako again sank to the snow, and dropped asleep as she fell.

Once more the faithful Karbo came to the rescue. Kewanako felt a sharp pain and started up to find the dog, with whines of terror, biting her hands. Floundering on her hands and knees, the girl patched the traces around the dog's neck, while he watched comprehendingly; then across the sledge she threw the mail-bag, with a last effort laid her brother's body on top of it, and, as she fell across the rear end of the sledge, she saw the trickle of water around her. The ice was flooded.

With a great effort of will Kewanako kept awake as Karbo bent his shoulders to the great task and drew the sledge through the water, that now spread inch-deep around them. Five miles to go! Suddenly the girl dashed some of the water to her face, and the shock brought back her numbed faculties in a flash. Leaping off the sledge, she splashed along beside it, and Karbo quickened his pace.

An hour later the anxious men watching from the Mission House gave a shout of dismay as they saw the ice, with a last rending and crunching, begin to sweep away from the shore and break up. But old Megeezes, standing on the shore, answered with another shout.

"There they are!" he yelled, for the snow and sleet had now lessened somewhat. "Get a boat!"

Two of the men pulled a canoe from the shed and hastily ran to the shore. Setting out, one paddled while the other shoved the floating ice-cakes off, and in a few minutes they came to the half-submerged ice beyond, where a dog and sledge awaited them. As the wondering Indians paused at the ice-edge, they saw two figures lying on the sledge, beneath them a mail-bag.

Wawatan lost most of his toes from that terrible night, but his sister was uninjured. A few weeks later the story reached the capital, and in the summer a medal arrived from Washington, for the brave girl who had saved her brother and the mail. The

Indians still tell how, until a few years ago, an old dog lived in the vicinity, in the cabin of Wawatan, and how on state occasions he used to wear a wide collar of leather, in which was set a bronze medal. They never could understand why Kewanako gave so precious a thing to a dog!

I wish, I can, I will,—these are the three trumpet notes to victory.

For The Beacon.

What the Months Bring.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

Every month brings something good;
Don't you really think it should?

January brings the ice;
Skating's certain to be nice!

February comes with storm,
But the days begin to warm.

March thaws all the coldness out,
Till we find green buds about.

April days bring rain, and set
In the woods the violet.

May brings tops and marbles, too,
With lots of things to make and do!

June brings us the end of school,
Warming up the swimming-pool.

July is always hot—but still
We have the Fourth, and always will!

August's haytime, and each night
There's a fragrant ride in sight.

September brings us apples, pears,
Grape, and fruit 'most everywhere!

In October we can roam
Through the woods, and bring nuts home.

With November leaves are dead,
But Thanksgiving's here instead.

December brings us snow and cold
And Santa with his reindeer bold.

Each month brings us something good:
Don't you think it really should?

The Plot at Camp Snowball.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter Four.

Pearl could not have told whether she was glad or sorry to find that there was no strange old man in the hut. But Kinks looked about and her face fell.

"He isn't here!" she said.

"I guess he only comes at night," Ned suggested. "Just look, will you, and see how tame the squirrels are!"

The gray fellows had scampered up to their high perches when the door opened, but after a minute one of them jumped to Charlie's shoulder and another one followed, till they were scrambling all over him.

The children had brought corn and beech-nuts. The squirrels would take the food

from their hands and hide it in one of the boxes and come back for more.

"Aren't they the dearest things!" laughed Pearl, holding out a nut to a gray one sitting on the fir tree with his head on one side. "Oh, when we go, do let's leave the door open, so they can go out and skip around in the trees."

"I shouldn't like to do that after the old man trusted us enough to invite us in here, should you, Charlie?" asked Ned. "Seems as if they must be well treated or they wouldn't be so tame. I guess we'd better not let them out till we find that the old man is going to kill them or carry them off. Then it will be time to do something about it."

They had a pleasant half-hour with the squirrels, and laughed till their sides ached over some of the antics of the four-footed rogues.

When they went out, they shut the door carefully behind them and stood still in the snow to look at each other.

"We don't know any more about the old squirrel man than we did before," complained Kinks, "and we haven't set the squirrels free, either."

"Here's a chance to find out something," suggested Charlie. "I begin to see how the old fellow got away so quick and without making any noise."

He pointed to a stout wooden sled tipped up endwise against the house. Then he showed them where, through an opening in the trees, a great slanting snowdrift made a smooth ridge from top to bottom of the hollow.

"The wind has packed it in hard every time it snowed, so it makes a great old slide. That's how he comes and goes so quick and still. I can see his sled tracks now all down along the top of the drift."

"If he went off that way, he couldn't have left the sled," objected Kinks.

"Oh, well, maybe he went afoot for once," returned Charlie.

"I don't see what he should want to go down into that hollow for, unless he lives in a bear's den," said Ned. "There couldn't be a house or anything down in that wild place."

"No, there must be some way of climbing up the bank on the other side, I should think. Say, look here, why wouldn't it be a good scheme to borrow this sled and slide down there and see? Maybe it's pretty steep for the girls, though, but you and I could do it, Ned."

"No, no, it isn't an atom too steep. Take us!" coaxed Kinks, hopping up and down in the snow.

"Folks say the hollow is full of bears," put in Pearl, doubtfully.

"Ho, who's afraid?" laughed Charlie. "Don't you know bears are denned up tight this time of year, anyway? The slide isn't a bad one, either, if you know how to steer. Come on, all hands, if you want to."

They packed themselves on the sled, the girls in front, with Ned to hold on to and Charlie to steer. The clumsy wooden thing shot like an arrow down the long backbone of the drift and tumbled them all in a heap in a soft snow bank.

"My, wasn't that splendid!" gasped Kinks, rubbing the snow out of her eyes. "I don't see any bears, do you, Pearl? Oh look, isn't that a path going right up through the bushes?"

"Yes, it is," declared Charlie, pointing out a steep, beaten trail in the snow. It



MR. BAYNES AND "JIMMIE" GOING FOR A WALK.

("Jimmie" is a black bear cub, five months old.)

led straight up the other side of the hollow and disappeared among the pines at the top.

"That's the very way the squirrel man went. Maybe he has a camp up there. Let's go and hunt for him," cried Ned, and they climbed the steep trail, leaving the sled to be taken when they came back.

At the top of the bank the path led them away through the pines and they followed it, expecting every minute to come upon some trace of the squirrel man—perhaps a log hut or a camp fire on the snow.

"There's a light, as true as you live," said Ned, in a low voice, stopping so suddenly that those behind fell over him.

It was growing dusky by this time, and through the dark trees a great, bright light had suddenly gleamed out.

"Let's get nearer," whispered Charlie whose eyes were shining with excitement. And they crept on through the trees till suddenly they were stopped by the strangest sight they had seen yet, up here in the wilderness.

On rising ground among the tall pines, which had screened it from sight till they were close upon it, stood a beautiful big house, with lighted windows and stone steps leading up to it. In a city it would not have looked very different from other handsome houses, but in this wild place it seemed like nothing less than a fairy palace.

They forgot the chase of the squirrel man as they looked.

"How lovely!" sighed Pearl. "Oh, it can't be a real house, can it?"

Charlie, who had been looking at the house with his hands in his pocket, spoke in a low voice.

"I guess I know who lives here. It's a

man that writes books about birds and animals and things in the woods. Down in New York or some place where he lives part of the time they call him the Bird King. There he is now."

A tall, dark-haired man had come out of the house and was standing on the snowy lawn, looking up into the trees. He had a basket in his hand, and he stood there without making a sound.

After a minute there was a flutter in the thick boughs above, and suddenly the air was full of birds,—chickadees, bluejays, and other feathered folk who spend the winter in the thick woods.

The children watched in astonishment as he fed his wild flock, letting them stand on his hands, shoulders, and head, and flutter all about his feet. They heaved a great sigh when he threw out the last handful of crumbs and went into the house.

"He didn't see us," whispered Pearl, "and I wouldn't have dared to speak to a man that writes books. Oh, couldn't we creep up just a little nearer the house? See, it looks like fairyland in that window. I see live flowers all in blossom."

They stole a little nearer to the house and had just one glimpse of long rooms full of beautiful things, when there was a crash in the bushes behind them.

A great dark-colored creature had stepped out of a thicket and stood looking at them, its long, ugly head quite distinct in the light that streamed from the big window.

"Ow!" squeaked Kinks, and Pearl, too frightened to make a sound, darted back along the path by which they had come, the others close at her heels.

(To be continued.)

For The Beacon.

"Look Up."

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

"Aloft, there, boy!"

The man who spoke was the captain of a large schooner, which was fighting its way through the rough waves. For days the sea had been running high, and the ship tossed like a cork upon its surface.

The boy to whom the captain spoke was a young fellow who had joined the crew at the last port. He was not an experienced sailor. He hardly knew one rope from the other, though he managed to do his work very well.

This storm was rather more than he had bargained for. It was all he could do to keep on his feet as he walked over the deck of the swaying schooner. And several times he had lost his footing, and slid along the deck until he struck something to which he could cling.

But all hands were needed aloft, to take care of the sails. So up he went with the others, after a moment's delay, which made the captain speak the first three words of this story. Up he went, clinging to the rope ladders as they swung to and fro with the tossing ship.

As you may imagine, it was no easy task. It was hard enough for the old sailors, but for the boy it was almost impossibly hard. The masts tipped over with every beating wave, and then shook themselves angrily as they once more became erect.

All might have gone well with the boy had he not made one great mistake. As he clung to the rigging he looked down! He looked down at the surging waves and the swaying deck beneath him. And in a moment he felt himself becoming dizzy and faint. Every wave seemed to be jumping up at him as he swayed dizzily above.

"Look up!"

It was the voice of the captain below. He had watched the boy in the rigging. He had seen him look down, and then clutch the ropes near him. At once he knew what had happened, and what his danger was. So he shouted with all his might for the boy to look up, and not down.

The boy did so, and looked away from the waves and the deck into the sky above him. And gradually he lost the dizzy feeling, and, after finishing the work that was required of him, he came down in safety to the deck.

All of us need the same advice. It was Edward Everett Hale, you know, who told us to "Look Up, and not Down." There is no advice of greater value to us than that, as we may very soon discover for ourselves.

There will come to each one of us scores of times when we, too, shall become dizzy and faint in the storms of life. The waves of temptation will beat beneath us, and do their utmost to make us fall. We shall feel our grip giving way and our strength going.

When that time comes, what we need to do is to look up, and not to look down. Our safety will be to think of the highest and noblest thought. Always this will give us strength and steadiness. In the midst of evil, look up to the good. In the midst of weakness, look up to the strong. In the midst of every storm upon the sea of life, look up to God!

Look up!

"Character is higher than intellect."

*The Fates are just: they give us but our own;
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.*

WHITTIER.

How the Pussy Willows came.

There was a flood long years ago,
Or so the people say;
It rained and rained from dark gray clouds
For many a weary day.

The cats and kittens ran and ran
To find a warm, dry spot;
The large ones reached a mountain high,
The little ones could not.

But, by a brooklet, as they passed,
They saw a row of trees,
And, feeling tired, cold, and wet,
They climbed up into these.

Each kitten found a little branch
And curled up in a heap,
And, before many hours had passed,
They all were fast asleep.

The storm it raged and waves dashed high,
And then the kittens all
Were covered o'er with soft, brown mud,
And looked just like a ball.

At last the storm came to an end,
The sun shone from the sky;
The mud that covered up each puss
Became quite hard and dry.

And then small bits began to fall,
Till one could clearly see
Soft spots of gray and yellow fur,
As plainly as could be.

And, by and by, out popped their heads,
The mud all fell away,
And there sat pussies in a row,
Of yellow, white, and gray.

And, in the meadow by the brook,
If you should look to see,
You'd still find pussies gray and white
Up in each willow tree:

SOPHIA WYCKOFF BROWER.

From the February number of *Our Four-footed Friends* we clip the following paragraphs:—

"The Animal Rescue League, during the month of January, 1912, received and humanely cared for 341 dogs and 1,148 cats and kittens: 27 horses in a condition unfit for work were taken by the League veterinarian and destroyed. The agents of the League made, during the month, 864 calls and collected 912 animals."

"The Lend-a-Hand Club of Bridgewater, Mass., which is composed of young girls of the Unitarian Church, joined the League in a body last month. We wish that more of the Clubs would lend a hand in the same way. It would help the animals and help the League."

Five-year-old Ruth was coming home from school with her thirteen-year-old sister. Ruth was carrying her sister's history. She dropped it into a puddle, and her sister exclaimed, "Mercy! Ruth, what made you do that?" "Well," was the reply, "you said you wished it wasn't so dry, and so I put it in a puddle to wet it."

MARY C. WHITE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 6, 5, 4, 3, is to bind.
My 3, 4, 7, 1, is the eighth of an ounce.
My 4, 5, 1, is an edge.
My 6, 8, 2, 3, is pleased.
My 4, 2, 5, 3, is an incursion.
My 3, 4, 7, 6, is to pull.
My 2, 5, 4, is what we breathe.
My whole is a kind of old-fashioned tune.

W. J.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ocean, but not in deep.
My second is in laugh, but not in weep.
My third is in river, but not in brook.
My fourth is in curve, but not in crook.
My fifth is in velvet, but not in plush.
My sixth is in linnet, but not in thrush.
My seventh is in maple, but not in beech.
My eighth is in prune, but not in peach.
My ninth is in shreds, but not in rents.
My whole is one of the Presidents.

J. W.

MORE NUTS TO CRACK.

1. Which nut makes a good summer playground?
2. Which shares its name with a flower and a vegetable?
3. Which fortifies a city?
4. Which one was a President's nickname?
5. Which tells Ann to take a sly look?
6. Which one is a color and a girl's name?
7. Which one is good for a drink?
8. Which is the greedy nut?
9. Which is good on bread?
10. Which protects your treasures?

RIDDLE.

I'm what you do at daylight,
From what you've had at night.
I'm also what a ship leaves
That sails the ocean bright.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 24.

ENIGMA XLIII.—Blessed are the merciful.

ENIGMA XLIV.—New Hampshire.

SOME BIRDS.—Cardinal, raven, robin, bluejay, lark, kite, crane.

A DIAMOND. — R
WAS
RAPID
SIN
D

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Olive, live, evil, vile, lie, oil.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Hilda Loring, Yarmouthville, Me.; Garfield Drew, East Dedham, Mass.; Douglas Ayres, Jr., Fort Plain, N.Y.

Contributions have been received from Howard Jamison, Toledo, Ohio, and Dana Stetson, Whitman, Mass.

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